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HARRISBURG

Conspiracy, yes, but who were the conspirators?

EDWARD DUFF

FRANCE'S ATTICAS ALAIN WOODROW
THE CITY IN AFRICA JONATHAN POWER
LIFE WITH GODFATHER COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.
BEYOND SEXUAL POLITICS JEAN BETHKE ELSHTAIN
UNITED FARM WORKERS V ...JS MILLS
BACK TO THE BOMBING ...EINFELS
REVIEWS: MICHAEL J. BAND 'SOULS ON FIRE' **CLAIRE HAHN** 'WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS' **CORRESPONDENCE:** SENATE ABSENTEEISM, IRELAND, MILITARY CHAPLAINS

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NEWS & VIEWS

Banking For Tomorrow

There is nothing in America, it seems, without its exploitable side—nothing, not even vasectomies. Thus the sudden popularity of vasectomies (750,000 operations in '71; 1 million projected for '72) spawns another invention of American business genius: the commercial sperm bank, serving those who wish to lay away a little reserve for a rainy day.

Two dealers presently dominate the market: Idant Corporation, which will be in 20 cities by next year, and eventually England and Japan; and Genetic Laboratories, which began in 1970 and is already in five major U.S. cities.

Constance Holden writes about them and the commercial sperm-bank boom in *Science*, magazine of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. She writes not rhapsodically; she's got strong reservations about the whole business.

Sperm banking is perhaps the easiest "one-stop banking" one is likely to find. Ms. Holden explains the procedure at an Idant branch in suburban Baltimore: "The customer . . . strolls into Idant's small laboratory, which is manned only by a secretary and a laboratory biologist, fills out a form, and plunks down the $80 fee required for the processing and freezing of three semen specimens. He then retreats to a tiny room furnished with a comfortable armchair, two pornographic magazines, and an ashtray. (He may also drop off his sample on the way to work, providing it is less than two hours old at the time of deposit.) The ejaculate is examined, diluted with a glycerol preservative, and stored in 12 or 15 little plastic vials resembling ballpoint pen refills. The vials are stored in three metal canisters and submerged in stainless steel barrels filled with liquid nitrogen, which bubbles away at its boiling point of—196°C. The customer, usually a man about to undergo a vasectomy, pays an annual storage fee of $18 until such time as he should change his mind or his wife, whereupon his semen is delivered to his wife's physician, who performs the artificial insemination."

So simple—but, as Constance Holden notes, so "disturbing."

Least disturbing is the fact that sperm-bank merchants are apparently promising more than they can deliver. An Idant spokesman says that sperm can be effectively frozen for up to 10 years; the American Public Health Association's population council warns, on the other hand, that the potency period may be as little as 16 months.

More serious, in Ms. Holden's opinion, is that there are virtually no regulations in any state to govern the sperm business ("Anyone with a few thousand dollars, some vials, and some liquid nitrogen can go into business").

Ms. Holden does not bring up questions of religious morality *per se*, but she does broach the issue of practical ethics and finds the enterprise "in doubt."

Here she cites Mark Lappé of the Institute of Society, Ethics and the Life Sciences in Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y., who is disturbed that commercial outfits are the first to introduce large-scale sperm banking. Lappé feels that the promise of possible fatherhood in the future "plays on the basic anxieties of the male," and since most vasectomized depositors will never make a withdrawal, a sperm bank can supply just another way to parlay anxiety into money.

But the most perplexing ethical questions, Constance Holden writes, "pop up around the insemination of women with the sperm of anonymous donors," a practice for which cyrogenic sperm preservation opens up broad, unexplored vistas. She draws on Lappé's observation that donor insemination "is functionally serving as fostering eugenic aims," and adds that "the availability of the service could promote an unhealthy preoccupation with 'good genes,' alter the nation's gene pool, produce unwitting consanguineous marriages in the next generation, and encourage women to line up for the sperm of some latter-day Einstein."

She tells one story of a prominent Minnesotan who has stored sperm to be used to carry on the family line in the event his only son proves sterile.

Her summation: "Private enterprise has leaped into an ethical and legal vacuum, and the price may be left for future generations to pay."

Charity Starts Where?

The President of the United States receives a yearly salary of $200,000, which is taxable; $50,000 for expenses, also taxable; and another $40,000, which is nontaxable, for travel and official entertainment.

He'd do much better as an official for International Telephone and Telegraph.

I.T.T. president Harold S. Geneen earned $812,494 last year in salary, and exercised stock options worth $795,850 *more* between Jan. 1, 1971 and March 10, 1972.

This was slightly better than the year before when Geneen received $766,000 in salary and bonus and exercised stock options worth another $795,000 through March 1, 1971.

And Geneen's only one of several I.T.T. officials whose salary and bonus during 1971 topped the basic salary of the President of the United States. The following executive vice-presidents also did fairly well: Francis J. Dunleavy, $342,060; Richard E. Bennett, $296,800; Ted B. Westfall, $211,800; Hart Perry, $200,300. Harry V. Williams, chairman of the Hartford Fire Insurance Co., I.T.T.'s now-celebrated subsidiary, earned $215,079.

There's a proposal to go before I.T.T.'s annual shareholders' meeting May 10 in Memphis that no I.T.T. executive receive annual compensation, including bonuses, of more than $350,000. Want to bet it gets a drubbing?

Odds and Ends

—The success of Disney World, Florida, has lots of folks scrambling to cash in on the plastic tourism market. The State of Alabama is considering a new toll road to catch Disney World-bound motorists. Other enterprising Alabamians are planning to waylay Disney trade with a spectacular of their own. They're working on a thing called "Hollywood, U.S.A.," which will feature a replica of the Wailing Wall, a 12-acre Sea of Galilee, and a coliseum with chariot races—all under the eyes of a 101-foot statue of Christ. There should be nothing to match it, except maybe in Lake Havasu City, Arizona, where Bishop Edward McCarthy is hunting down relics of St. Thomas More and St. John Fisher to go in a church near reconstructed London Bridge.

—The shady groves of academe aren't so shady any more at Berkeley. The trees are dying, gassed to death by the large amounts of tear gas sprayed over the campus during the police exercises a few semesters back. JOHN DEEDY

Behrendt—*Het Parool*, Amsterdam

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CORRESPONDENCE

Senate Absentees

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: Thank you for your excellent editorial [Mar. 10]. There is only one point made in it with which I am not in full agreement—that seniority is worse than absenteeism—for if you will check the records of so many Senators attacking seniority, you will find that they have the worst absenteeism records stemming from such absences as skiing either in Europe or here, or attending diplomatic social functions in foreign countries.

I do appreciate the kind words and the support in your editorial.

MARGARET CHASE SMITH
United States Senator

Ireland

Staten Island, N.Y.

To the Editors: Mr. John Horgan's article, "The Trouble in Ireland" [Feb. 18], condemns all sides of the issue, but makes a positive statement that Britain is responsible for all that goes on in Northern Ireland, and can no longer use the Northern Ireland Government as surrogate for blame. He does not give the reasons why the minority is opposing the government; and he doesn't discuss the civil rights issue.

The people of Northern Ireland who oppose the government are doing it as a *pis aller*. Long suffering under the inequities of this government, they are no longer willing to remain as second-class citizens in their own country, and prefer the risks that opposition to government entails to the repression which discrimination imposes. They have found that it is not possible to work within this government to effect changes which will grant them equality and freedom from discrimination. Since this government began in 1921, the government and the ascendency classes have worked tendentiously to keep the minority out of jobs, have gerryman-

(Continued on page 197)

NEWS & VIEWS: 178 **CORRESPONDENCE: 179**
EDITORIALS: 179
UNITED FARM WORKERS VS. NLRB: *Nicolaus Mills* **180**
BACK TO THE BOMBING: *Peter Steinfels* **182**
HARRISBURG: *Edward Duff* **183**
FRANCE'S ATTICAS: *Alain Woodrow* **187**
THE CITY IN AFRICA: *Jonathan Power* **189**
BEYOND SEXUAL POLITICS: *Jean Bethke Elshtain* **192**
VERSE: *Marianne Andrea* **190**
THE SCREEN: *Colin L. Westerbeck, Jr.* **191**
BOOKS: *Michael J. Bandler, Claire Hahn* **194**
ILLUSTRATIONS: *Front cover: Joke,* De Nieuew Gazet, *Antwerp; page 183, Kimmel,* Chicago Maroon; *page 187,* Kalamazoo Patriot/LNS

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JURIDICAL THUNDER CLOUDS

In less than three years' time, the Supreme Court has succeeded in substantiating too many of the fears of those concerned about the turn the Court would take once recreated in the image and likeness of Richard Nixon. A succession of decisions has been handed down, turning back some legal clocks a generation and more and threatening many of the gains made in wide areas of individual liberties, notably during the Warren-Court period. The rulings on the admissability of hearsay evidence in criminal proceedngs, on the termination of welfare aid for those declining to allow caseworkers to enter their homes, and on the denial of inheritance rights to illegitimate children are just three of numerous cases confirming early pessimism with respect to the Nixon-Burger Court.

At the same time, however, those who two and three years ago were cautioning against ideological prejudgment of the Nixon-Burger Court—on the strong historical grounds that justices evolve in surprising ways—were not altogether out of order. The Court has evolved, as they said it would. The complication is that it is not a case of the new justices evolving from their conservative backgrounds, as did Taft and Hughes and Warren, into justices of progressive, if not liberal, legal philosophy—certainly not yet at least; but it is a case of the Court's chief officer, Warren E. Burger, evolving in extrajuridical and near-political ways.

Political ways are obviously not foreign to Mr. Burger. This is the same person, remember, who in 1969 was button-holing Senators at Washington cocktail parties in behalf of Clement Haynsworth, and who, after President Nixon's 1970 Cambodia speech, hurried to the White House door with a hand-written message of well-done—a personal gesture not unlike the sort that raised questions of propriety in the Abe Fortas-Lyndon Johnson relationship.

The latest Burger gesture to raise eyebrows comes in connection with a Supreme Court refusal to consider ordering a resumption of work on the Three Sisters Bridge, a Washington public-works project in which Mr. Nixon has displayed considerable interest. Mr. Burger concurred reluctantly in the denial of certiorari, then to the Court's one-sentence ruling appended an unusual concurring opinion in which he (1) lectured the Court of Appeals,

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whose decision the Administration was appealing, for "unjustifiably frustrat[ing] the efforts of the Executive Branch to comply with the will of Congress," and (2) reminded Congress that it can write legislation remedying the lower court's ruling, "even to the point of limiting or prohibiting judicial review."

Whether Mr. Burger's concurring opinion is traceable or not to Presidential whims on the bridge is momentarily of lesser importance. The opinion is more ominous for the insight it provides into the logic of the Chief Justice on the role of the judiciary in the American system; Mr. Burger is close to assigning the judicary a very secondary position. True it is that the Constitution gives the Congress power to define the appellate jurisdiction of the courts. But it is also true that it is not the business of the Chief Justice to be advising the Legislative Branch on how to go about its business and curtail the courts in the process. Such conduct is a breach of the separation of powers of government and potentially an abnegating of the authority of the courts, including the Supreme Court. It may be a minor matter when the issue is one of a bridge over the Potomac, but Mr. Burger's precedent is not minor when in office is an Administration bent on rewriting much of the law of the land. A Nixon bill already before Congress would deny federal courts power to order busing to promote the terms of the Fourteenth Amendment. Mr. Burger's action makes the law's uncertain future dark as well as troublesome.

ROLL CALL II

In our March 10th issue we ran an editorial on Congressional absenteeism. There we expressed our agreement with the criticisms of her absentee colleagues made by Senator Margaret Chase Smith, differing only in saying that serious as absenteeism is, more serious were, first, conflicts of interest involving Representatives and Senators, and second, the rigid seniority system that prevails in Congress—with the latter part of which judgment Senator Smith takes mild issue in a letter printed elsewhere in this issue. Two happenings impel us to return to the theme.

The first provides an illustration of the gravity of the absentee problem in a recent specific instance and was noted in "News & Views." At stake was a measure to establish a national system of voter registration by postcard—a key proposal in current efforts to reform the electoral system. When the matter came to a vote in the Senate, the vote was to table it, 46 to 42, an outcome that means the measure is dead for this session. Missing from the crucial voting were 12 Senators, eight of whom were known to have been for the bill. Here, then, is one more in a long series of examples to bear out Senator Smith's strictures on absenteeism.

As for our criticism that the Congressional seniority system is too rigid, an example of this also cropped up. Witness the recent retirement announcement of Representative William M. Colmer, 82. Now chairman of the House Rules Committee, he is one of the most powerful men in the American government, even though his name is unknown to most voters. At the moment, for example, he has succeeded in blocking a vote on an increase in the minimal wage, and in this session he previously blocked both a consumers' protection bill and a bill to enforce non-discrimination in hiring—and all this despite pleas of his own party leaders. Why should the ultra-conservative Mr. Colmer have such power? Simply because he has served in the House for 40 years; he has achieved his present power by sheer survival. Next in line to succeed him: Representative Ray J. Madden of Indiana, aged 80, followed by Representative James J. Delaney of New York, aged 71. Age can bring wisdom, of course, and we do not intend to deny this fact. We do argue, however, that power such as that carried by the head of the Rules Committee and similar posts should not be determined solely by age and length of service—a point we think is true even though it is also true that the Rules Committee should itself be shorn of some of its powers.

United Farm Workers vs. the NLRB

Can farm workers be denied the benefits of the National Labor Relations Act and still have the union which represents them subjected to its penalties? This is the issue now at stake in the clash between Peter Nash, appointed last summer by President Nixon as General Counsel of the National Labor Relations Board, and Cesar Chavez's United Farm Workers.

In the past the President has made his position on the Farm Workers clear. He campaigned in California eating non-union grapes, and during the grape and lettuce boycotts the Department of Defense increased its purchases of these products by as much as 350 per cent in some years. But up to now the Administration and most growers have been content to see the United Farm Workers classified as an agricultural union and thereby excluded from the NLRA and the recognition procedures it guarantees industrial workers attempting to form a union. With the success of the Farm Worker boycott against stores selling non-union produce, there has, however, been a growing desire on the part of the Administration and agribusiness to impose the restraints of the NLRA—its Taft-Hartley amendments outlaw secondary boycotts—on the Farm Workers.

Since they first began their organizing, the United Farm Workers have had to face two problems which indus-

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trial unions do not have: (1) the ability of the growers to deny the Union recognition or election procedures, and the absence of legal machinery (the NLRA) for the Union to use to gain these rights; (2) the difficulty of picketing an employer whose property, often covering thousands of miles, has numerous entrances through which busloads of unorganized workers can be brought without the Union's having a chance to make contact with them.

To offset these disadvantages, the Farm Workers have moved away from depending on primary strikes and boycotts and turned increasingly to secondary boycotts, in which the Union imposes itself between the consumer and a store or distributor, asking the consumer to boycott the latter until he stops cooperating with the grower by selling struck produce. The result is that the Farm Workers have been able to do what no agricultural union has in the past—take on agribusiness and profit finally from their exclusion from the NLRA, which prohibits secondary boycotts.

In fifteen states, legislative efforts, led mostly by the Farm Bureau, have been made to pass Taft-Hartley-like laws which would prohibit boycotts by farm workers, and in Congress a bill has been introduced which would create an Agricultural Labor Relations Board. The bill's provisions are similar to those of the NLRA, but it would also allow growers to demand arbitration if their workers struck, and impose a 40-day waiting period in such cases. Nash's NLRA action against the Farm Workers follows similar lines.

In early March, Nash petitioned the Federal District Court in Fresno for a hearing at which he could present his request for an injunction against the Farm Workers' boycott of nine Napa Valley wineries. Nash's petition was based on charges by the Free Marketing Council, an organization of growers, shippers and chain stores, that on three California ranches the Farm Workers have members in commercial packing sheds and that as a result of these "industrial" workers (the *New York Times* estimates they equal one-tenth of one percent of the Union's membership) the *entire* Union should be placed under NLRA restrictions. The petition did not in turn seek to give the Farm Workers the protections of the NLRA because these rights "flow to the employees" rather than their union and agricultural workers are specifically excluded from the NLRA. Nor did the petition make mention of the fact that one year ago, when Arnold Ordman, a Kennedy appointee, was general counsel of the NLRB, the Board ruled that the Union (which in the meantime has added no new packing shed workers) was not a labor organization which could be subjected to Taft-Hartley.

Two days after Nash filed his request for the injunction, Cesar Chavez observed: "For years farm workers have been kept outside the protection of the law. When we organized and sought negotiations with our employers, they coldly ignored us. . . . The Republicans have now decided that punitive provisions of the NLRA (e.g., the ban on secondary boycotts) should apply to the farm workers' union, even though the protections of the NLRA *do not apply* to farm workers. This position is so unfair that it is hard to imagine how reasonable men could take such a course. But the Republican Party has apparently decided to make a direct political attack on the farm workers' movement."

Chavez's charge was followed by the Farm Workers beginning their own offensive. A massive letter-writing effort, which has already seen more than 200,000 letters sent to GOP National Chairman Robert Dole and other Republicans, was started, and so too was an extensive lobbying campaign in Washington, led by Union Vice-President Dolores Huerta. On the local level the Union has begun putting pressure on individual Republican politicians, and behind the entire campaign lies the Union's final threat: 25,000 Farm Workers marching on the Republican Convention in San Diego if the NLRA is used to stop the Union's organizing.

A week before Nash was due to present his injunction request in court, he withdrew it, and as matters now stand the Farm Workers and Nash are expected to iron out their differences in face-to-face meetings. The Union is seeking not only freedom from the restrictions of the NLRA during its formative period (a right industrial unions had from 1935 until 1947, when Taft-Hartley was passed) but a clear definition of what constitutes an agricultural worker. The Farm Workers have been very careful to stay away from commercial sheds (traditionally classified as sheds in which an employer's basic business is to pack someone else's produce and not his own, as in an agricultural shed), but the Union is intent on keeping the agricultural shed workers it has and not accepting Nash's definition of a commercial shed as one in which any produce but the growers' is packed.

The problem the Farm Workers now face is one of keeping the pressure on Nash and the Administration and at the same time making sure the lettuce boycott they re-began this spring is not sidetracked. NICOLAUS MILLS

COMING

KILIAN MCDONNELL writes on the Catholic charismatic movement:

"Not long before he died Thomas Merton suggested that Pentacostalism 'sums up the spirituality most likely to work in this country just now. It answers the need for concrete expression in our life of prayer. It . . . retains enough structure to make it workable.' Merton, who would play the role of prophet only reluctantly, would have been surprised how well the spirituality is working and how rapidly the movement is growing."

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BACK TO THE BOMBING

PETER STEINFELS

ON SUNDAY morning I walked through the park—away from newstands—to Columbia University. The day was definitely going to be on the side of spring in April's war of seasons. At Columbia, at a meeting co-sponsored by the United Nations in preparation for the Stockholm conference, a few early arrivers were talking despondently about another war. Those, like myself, who had not heard the news the night before or seen the morning's newspapers, learned that the U.S. had resumed massive bombing of North Vietnam. Then the subject was dropped. Things were back to normal.

Why did North Vietnam strike at the South? The simple answer—and simple answers can never be taken for granted in this argument—is that it wants to accomplish what it has wanted to accomplish since the outbreak of civil war after World War II: the establishment of its own rule, or sympathetic rule, over all of Vietnam. President Thieu or American-designed electoral machinery does not qualify.

But why now, when the U.S. was "winding down" our troop commitment? There are two possible reasons. The first is that Hanoi wanted to "humiliate the United States," either by staging a crushing action while we stood by helpless, or by actually endangering the remaining American forces. There is no reason, of course, why Hanoi should not harbor some desire at this point to humiliate its foe; but little in the North Vietnameses' past behavior suggests that they would not recognize the grave risks involved and would run them for the pure psychological satisfaction of it.

The second possibility is that North Vietnam saw no sign that "Vietnamization" would not be backed up for years to come with precisely the force of airborne massive retaliation the world has just witnessed. If Nixon were reelected next November, what North Vietnam has just undergone it would have had to face next December—or the December after that or the December after that. The choice therefore was between facing the destructive capacities of the U.S. now when domestic pressure might restrain and even defeat the President, or delaying till Mr. Nixon had a free hand.

But as usual Washington does not perceive its enemies as Vietnamese. It is now the Russians who are at the bottom of all this. The Russians have refused to play fair. They have refused to abide by the set of rules we have made up for the game of "winding down." The rules, as the *New York Times* represented them after briefing by "senior officials," stated that the Russians were "to urge restraint upon the North Vietnamese during that withdrawal—and during the American Presidential campaign."

"Mr. Nixon," the report continued, "has virtually concluded that the Russians failed him in this respect."

That, of course, is just the way those Commies are, always apt to let down their President.

This comic absurdity is only a crack into the world of illusions which still appears to be the universe of American Vietnam policy. The fundamental assumption is that the rest of the world, including the adversaries we have been bombing, must trust us to do what we have never indicated unequivocally we will do: get out.

What is more, the latest raids on North Vietnam are likely to contribute to a serious confrontation with the Soviet Union. That confrontation will probably not come in Indochina, though eventually the Soviets may wish to try out the same *fait accompli* style of escalation Washington has employed: what would we do if Soviet-flown planes struck in South Vietnam? The more genuine threat however stems from the fact that the U.S., since Cuba, has consistently calculated Russia's power as inferior to ours and has acted on this calculation. The calculation is, of course, based on fact, although the rational man may inquire into what exactly superiority and inferiority mean at such levels of destruction. And that fact is at the root of the Soviets' effort to become truly a world power on the level of the U.S.—new missiles, navy in the Mediterranean, navy in the Indian Ocean, and so on. In Vietnam we have just provided the Soviet hawks with another very good argument.

Monolithic Communism, guerrilla warfare, romantic revolutionaries, Lin Piao and Communist China, now Russia—we have imagined ourselves fighting more enemies in Vietnam over the years than Don Quixote had windmills. The General Accounting Office now reports that one out of every five persons in South Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos is a refugee. The casualty lists continue. The names are no longer—for the most part—American; but it would be good to remember that they are still names, still sons and daughters, wives and fathers. The latest bombing wave almost of necessity must have been particularly deadly to civilians. Meanwhile, we knock down old phantoms and set up our new ones. Remember, America has never lost a war, and besides the President has a secret plan.

Americans are against this war. The President knows that. But how much are we against it? As much as we are against busing? Mr. Nixon's estimation is clear. Now it is up to the rest of us.

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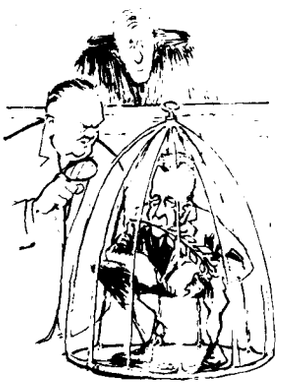

Conspiracy, yes, but who were the conspirators?

The torment of our time is soul-sized; it will not be brought to an end merely by the victory of either side in a legal skirmish.

—Edward LeRoy Long, Jr. in *U.S. v. the Harrisburg 8*. Published by the Dept. of Church and Society, The United Presbyterian Church, U.S.A.

Tough-minded people never give a thought to letters they have not gotten around to answering, especially if they are unsolicited ones. There is a letter nearly a year old still on my typewriter table that has been bothering me. I tried it out on two of my college classes but failed to turn up any constructive suggestions. The letter is from a girl in the Philadelphia area; it says:

> After writing to Senator Schweiker of Pa. in the spring, I received a letter from him suggesting that I read the *Holy Cross Quarterly* concerning the Berrigans. Today I finally secured a copy and am writing to you. I am not too sure why.
>
> I guess I am wondering how you are bearing with your burden—the Berrigans. You see, I feel the burden also. But the burden is getting heavier and heavier—and I see no relief. Are you experiencing the same thing? I was up in Danbury at a small demonstration on August 18. I am beginning to wonder what good these demonstrations do. I have written letters. I have done mailings for the Defense Committee. I have gone to Washington. I am wondering at the effect of protest, be it lawful or otherwise. I am wondering if there is any hope at all in restoring the conscience of America. . . . It is more than difficult to reflect hope in the future, while teaching, holding the political views I do. I know there is more I should be doing—actively, individually—but I don't know what. When and if I do find out, I pray that I have the courage to do it. Do you have hope for the future of America, Father Duff? For the future of the blacks, of the Vietnamese, or our youth?

I re-read the letter on the evening that, after a record seven days of deliberations, a jury in the Middle Pennsylvania District reported to Judge R. Dixon Herman its defeat over the issue of Indictment 14950 accusing seven individuals of 35 overt acts of conspiracy "to commit offenses against the United States." The defendants—an improbable group of three priests and a nun, an ex-priest and an ex-nun, plus a Pakistani scholar—had been described by FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover to a House Committee (in the course of seeking funds for 1,702 more employees) as "an anarchist group." Allegedly they had collectively plotted to destroy draft files (which nobody of these jolly good fellows would deny), blow up tunnels connecting government buildings in Washington and kidnap Henry A. Kissinger.

After a fortune of government and private funds and time has been spent, the two most prominent of the Harrisburg defendants, Father Philip F. Berrigan and Sister Elizabeth McAlister, were found guilty of exchanging six letters that had not passed prison censorship, an offense technically carrying sentences of 40 and 30 years respectively. Such a sentence has never been imposed; lawyers carry letters out of prison as routinely as students sneak a cigarette in the library stacks. The significant news of April 5, 1972 was that Richard M.

FATHER EDWARD DUFF, S.J., *associate professor of political science at Holy Cross College, is the author of* The Social Thought of the World Council of Churches.

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Nixon had dispatched an additional armada of B-52s to join the fly-boys on the four carriers "on the line" in the Tonkin Gulf as the war refused to wind down in Vietnam.

At the outset of the Harrisburg trial Philip Berrigan had asserted: "It is not a priority of ours to win acquittal but to conduct a political trial and get the issue before the American people." By "the issue" Father Berrigan presumably meant the Vietnam war, a topic not altogether absent from the mass media these days. Indeed, his remarks prepared for delivery to the jury but disallowed by Judge Herman recounted his transformation from "an enthusiastic soldier" (and officer) of World War II to his role as a non-violent exponent of "the gospel of peace." I see no evidence that the Harrisburg trial sharpened the war issue for the American public. The Holy Week pilgrimages to the somnolent, conservative Pennsylvania capital were composed of those already converted to the cause. The trial may well, in fact, have de-glamorized the defendants, revealing them as given to fanciful schemes confusing Thoreau with the *Tupamaros,* their overwhelming earnestness tinged with disconcerting amateurism, their generosity of spirit overlaid with banal gullibility.

What was highlighted at Harrisburg was not the stature of Philip Berrigan but the menace of William S. Lynch, head of the Justice Department's Internal Security Division, the brazen coryphaeus of a troupe of ersatz WASPs, willing agents of the implacable J. Edgar Hoover whose survivability resembles that of his model, Joseph Fouché; these are the conspirators determined to impose upon the American public a political orthodoxy of their own definition or at least to reduce us to passive acquiescence to their dictated goals of American society. On March 24, 1965 John T. McNaughton, Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs, reported to his boss, Secretary Robert S. McNamara, that 70 percent of U.S. aims in Vietnam was to avoid a humiliating U.S. defeat. Seven years later, during Holy Week in Harrisburg, William S. Lynch, William Connolly, S. John Cotton *et al.* were the aggressive advocates of the same sordid mandate; they fulfilled it without any overconcern for legal niceties.

The mean-minded and persevering zeal of the Justice Department in repression of dissent on the Vietnam war long after the American public has tired of the official line, plus the futile, if appealing, ingenuousness of the Berriganites, complicates any counsel one would give to any young person eager to work to "restore the conscience of America." The same Attorney General whose Department played patty-cake with the $7 billion conglomerate, International Telephone and Telegraph, (its role in a possible *putsch* in Chile is still to be scrutinized by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee) admitted in a court affidavit that electronic surveillance had been employed in gathering evidence for the Harrisburg prosecution; such action, Mr. Mitchell explained, had been authorized by President Nixon as "deemed necessary to protect against a clear and present danger to the structure or existence of the Government of the United States of America." These were the same plotters, fearsome threats to the existence of our national government, who were taken in by a county fair shillman, Boyd F. Douglas, Jr. and through him inadvertently put the F.B.I. on the trail of the fugitive, Daniel Berrigan, a tip for which Douglas received $200 of the taxpayers' money.

One of the Harrisburg defendants, Father Joseph R. Wenderoth, held a press conference at Independence Hall in Philadelphia on St. Valentine's Day, 1970, to boast that he belonged to a group which had broken into Selective Service Boards. In the audience of 170 there were five F.B.I. agents with tape recorders. Thus an overt

act—an admission—the trigger necessary for conviction in the conspiracy skein the government was weaving that would encompass multiple counts and a changing cast of characters. No wonder Judge Learned Hand called a conspiracy charge "the darling of the prosecutor's nursery."

The chief prosecutor, William S. Lynch, told the Harrisburg court that the case represented a more serious threat than the activities of organized crime. Greed was the presumably minimizing motivation of mobsters, in Mr. Lynch's benign view, while the defendants "are those who reject society's definition of law and criminality, people who would overthrow the society under which we live."

As defense counsel, Paul O'Dwyer, rejoined in another context during the trial, "Oh, come on, Mr. Lynch!"

The probability that William S. Lynch believed what he said (he showed small sense of proportion or of humor) is more alarming, coming as it does from an official source, than the morose refusal of Daniel Berrigan, explaining that he and his brother Philip "have no stake in church and state, as currently in evidence; their aims, their values, their mutual transfusions of comfort." Obviously, Lynch and the Berrigans are literalists, reinforcing each other's version of the "error has no rights" doctrine.

Confirmation of this assessment of the Harrisburg event is supplied by an astounding affidavit published while the trial was in progress. One Robert W. Hardy, asserted under oath that the abortive raid on the draft records in the Camden Post Office Building on August 20, 1971 which resulted in the arrest of 28 Berrigan-type resisters "definitely wouldn't have happened without me." Yet, throughout, this indispensable leader was working with

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the F.B.I. which not only reimbursed him for his time, his truck and the tools he supplied for the break but provided groceries for the plotters. Hardy had gone to the F.B.I., he explained, because he was concerned about his friends and had been promised "many times that they [the F.B.I.] would stop our activities before the action happened"; there was the additional assurance that the group "would not go to jail." Of the fervent, non-violent resisters, "the finest group of Christian people I have ever been associated with," Hardy's judgment on the threat they represented is interesting: "It is really impossible to exaggerate how inept, undisciplined and generally unable to pull off this action they were. They wouldn't keep to schedules and they'd make simple matters complicated. . . . They possess incredible moral strength and intelligence but they are baffled and incompetent about practicalities." Despite earlier promises to Hardy to nip in the bud the plot he was guiding, Guy Goodwin of the Justice Department (who drafted the first, scatter-shot indictment of the Harrisburg trial) flicked on the lights and led his men in rounding up the abashed Camden raiders. Hardy concludes his affidavit: "I contacted the F.B.I. and I was told that against the wishes of some of the local F.B.I. people, the higher-ups, 'someone at the little White House in California,' they said (which I took to mean someone high in the F.B.I. or Justice Department then in California), wanted it actually to happen."

The Hardy affidavit lends new interest to a year-long effort of David Sannes to get on a federal witness stand to accuse the F.B.I. of conspiracy to incite bombings and riots through the use of informers, of which select group he claims to be a castoff member. His attempt to force his own arrest by chaining himself to the backdoor of the Seattle federal courthouse was rebuffed by a U.S. Marshal who freed him with a wirecutter and chased him off. According to a newspaper I have just put down, he has been accommodated with an arrest for splashing a bucket of liquid cow manure in the courthouse lobby.

Unconnected with the group Robert Hardy had shepherded to a government-planned *dénouement* but a victim of F.B.I. implacability is a paunchy textbook translator, Dale Cunningham, who allowed the Camden Defense Fund to use part of his bachelor flat near the federal courthouse as an office. Five days after the sitting-pigeon raiders were snatched, five F.B.I. agents appeared at his door looking for a fugitive Jesuit. For refusing to allow them in without a search warrant, Cunningham was dragged off, arraigned for assaulting a federal officer, obstructing justice and resisting arrest. Handcuffed to a waist chain and held in $50,000 bond, he had leisure to learn about law and order and how not to associate with people the government doesn't like. He hadn't even the satisfaction of having hid a Jesuit on the run.

Surely the most bizarre government informer to appear in any courtroom since Titus Oates is Boyd F. Douglas, Jr. whose father said of him: "He has told so many lies all his life that I can't believe anything he says." Although Douglas had been convicted of pulling a gun on an F.B.I. agent, scarcely a gesture of fraternal solidarity, the Bureau's judgment was more muted. Delmar A. Mayfield, his "handling agent," praised Douglas in a letter to J. Edgar Hoover as an "accomplished confidence man." It was a verdict that had the concurrence of the prison psychiatrist, Dr. Wolfram Rieger, whose patient Douglas had been; the doctor termed him "a classic con man who would lie cheerfully and without hesitation if he thought it would serve his interests."

Boyd Douglas is something special. With a record of arrests in Mexico, Hong Kong, and this country followed by successful jail breaks, with convictions of passing $50,000 in bad checks in nine states in one year, of auto thefts in two states, of larceny, transporting stolen securities, impersonating military officers and armed assault and, while serving concurrent five-year sentences, Douglas was the only one of the 1500 prisoners at the Lewisburg penitentiary allowed out on a six-day-a-week study-release program to attend classes in nearby Bucknell University. He had a rented apartment in town, drove a car, had ample funds while recruiting sympathizers for the peace movement. A high-school drop-out, he claimed to have attended Ohio State University on a football scholarship, played to the peace people by asserting that he had been jailed for conspiracy to destroy a freight train of napalm in California and proposed marriage to two co-eds, pleading that he was dying of cancer as he enlisted them as unwitting secretaries in the technically illegal activity of letter-smuggling.

Douglas sought out Philip Berrigan with an offer of help. Newly transferred to Lewisburg, a maximum security prisoner without mail privileges, palpably treated as a hostage for his fugitive brother, Daniel, psychologically harassed, as certified by Dr. Robert Coles (whose examination was made possible only by the intervention of Senator Charles Goodell), Philip Berrigan welcomed this unexpected means of communicating with his friends in the outside world.

What was Douglas' game? He certainly abetted the alleged conspiracy, encouraged participation in the Rochester draft board raid (he received $1,500 from the F.B.I. for that tip), offered to obtain a gun for any serious project of the group, and, claiming to have had military experience, got from his Bureau "handler" two Army manuals on explosives which he lent to one of the Harrisburg defendants. Questioned by defense counsel, Douglas explained that patriotism and his "strict Catholic upbringing" induced him to accept the role of informer. Yet he had begun to transcribe and save copies of the Berrigan-McAlister correspondence even before he was suborned by the F.B.I. He has already pocketed nearly $10,000 for his work and had requested $50,000 and a faked honorable discharge, presumably for con-

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tinuing service. He has lived well at government expense, enjoying a per diem and comfortable hotel accommodations while Philip Berrigan was brought manacled to court each day from jail. One remembers Lt. William Calley in his apartment at Fort Benning, romping outdoors with his pet beagle, Alexander, grilling steaks and receiving visits from his girl friend, Ann Moore. Nor is the refusal to release the report of the Army board of inquiry under General Peers surprising. The government has decided what is good for us to know about Mylai: one man alone is guilty.

Two judgments on Boyd Douglas illustrate the issue of assessing the Harrisburg event, the gullibility of the defendants and the arrogant cynicism of the prosecution. In a letter to Sister McAlister Philip Berrigan expostulated: "Mark my words, he'll be one of our best people." At the close of Douglas' 14 days of shifty, evasive performance on the witness stand, under the paternal, almost protective care of Judge Herman, the chief prosecutor tried to read into the court record a letter of recommendation from the manager of a clothing store in Des Moines where the government had hidden the informer for 18 months. It was then that, with honest annoyance, Paul O'Dwyer protested, "Oh, come on Mr. Lynch!"

Official Face Saving

But the government's determination to save face and to force submission to official political wisdom is unabated. Although the Pentagon Papers are being sold by the Government Printing Office, the Justice Department is pursuing Dr. Leonard S. Rodberg, aide to Senator Mike Gavel, whose version read at a meeting of his Senate subcommittee was subsequently published commercially by Beacon Press. A grand jury—once known as "the people's panel—is fishing about in Boston, questioning the professional associates of Daniel Ellsberg. (The Justice Department seems not to have the courage to call Neil Sheehan of the *New York Times* who knows a good deal about the disclosure of the documents.) Into the net fell Professor Samuel L. Popkin, a specialist on Vietnamese village life, currently teaching Political Science at Harvard. Professor Popkin was apodictical in his denial to the grand jury: "I had never seen any portion of any version of any volume of that study popularly known as the Pentagon Papers prior to its publication. Nor was I aware of any plan or intention of anyone to publish or distribute for publication the Pentagon Papers or any portion thereof. Nor did I at any time or in any way participate in any distribution of, or any plan to distribute the Pentagon Papers for publication." But Assistant United States Attorney Richard Berry was adamant: "What is your opinion as to what persons you believed possessed the Pentagon Papers in Massachusetts prior to June 13, 1971?" When Popkin refused on First Amendment grounds to give his "opinions" or "speculations" as to who in the academic community might have had access to the documents, Federal District Judge, W. Arthur Garrity, Jr., held him in contempt and sentenced him to 18 months in jail.

As far back as last October a Harris Poll revealed that 65 percent of the American people believe that the Vietnamese war is immoral. In November, the American Catholic bishops declared: "At this point in history, it seems clear to us that whatever good we hope to achieve in this war is now outweighed by the destruction of human life and of moral values which it inflicts." A White House spokesman said that the Administration had not heard of the Catholic statement. The fact is not surprising: the government has its eyes closed to any appearance of an American defeat. With dubious constitutionality the Executive is ignoring the mandate of the Mansfield Amendment attached to the military aid bill, signed by the President on November 17; the amendment instructs the President to withdraw U.S. troops from Vietnam "at a date, certain, subject to the release of all American prisoners of war." In August, 1969 the Senate Committee on Nutrition and Human Needs declared that $4 billion would bring the diets of 25 million Americans up to adequate levels. That $4 billion is represented in the carriers and planes bombing away in Indochina to forestall the appearance of an American defeat.

What is to be said to the agents of that same pretense, the Lynches, the Kellys, the Garritys? That they have taken "the King's shilling." And if there is no ancestral memory to tell them what that phrase means, Paul O'Dwyer can enlighten them.

A more important question: what is to be said to my questioner, the troubled girl from Philadelphia seeking hope? Should one recall the reflections of Edward Gibbon as he wandered about another Capitol? The English historian asserted: "The decline of Rome was the natural and inevitable effect of immoderate greatness. Prosperity ripened the principle of decay. . . The most potent and forcible cause of destruction, the domestic hostilities of the Romans themselves." I think not. Nor do I find much help in justifiably outraged *illuminés* who think badgering overaged Selective Service Board members is the button to push, forgetting that Congressmen are the underexploited counterfocus of political power. The prophets of doom are poor guides to a healthy future. The mood of fear—which has bemused American society on occasion in the past—will lift, all the sooner if we refuse to take seriously the pompous people who are demanding our acquiescence in their stubborn and stultifying policies. It is a long time since Vatican II—so long that Marlboro is selling the omnibus, four-session account of the Council by Xavier Rynne for 59 cents—but the mandate of its opening message, though muted by distance and division, is still imperative, its "call for all men to work along with us in building up a more just and brotherly city in the world." The effort itself engenders hope.

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FRANCE'S ATTICAS

ALAIN WOODROW

The plain fact is that French prisons are ancient, overcrowded, understaffed and misdirected.

In the last year there has been an epidemic of prison mutinies throughout France. In February 1971, two prisoners at the prison of Aix-en-Provence took a nurse and a social worker hostage; the prisoners were shot down. In July, a prisoner fired at a guard in the prison of Saint Paul, in Lyons, with a gun he had received in a food parcel. In September, at the prison of Clairvaux, two prisoners captured a nurse and guard; when they failed to exchange their hostages for the various items necessary to effect their escape, they killed them. In October, at the Beaumettes prison of Marseilles, a nurse was again taken hostage, but this time the prisoner was shot down by a guard.

Visibly rattled by this outbreak of violence, and by the shocked reactions of the public, the Minister of Justice, René Pleven, took the short-sighted measure of banning Christmas parcels in all the prisons. Predictably, this merely had the effect of increasing the unrest, protest movements and hunger strikes. And it finally led to the most spectacular of all the revolts: that of the prison of Toul, in Nancy. A group of young prisoners went on strike, refused to return to their cells and set fire to some of the buildings, including their workshops. Their grievance was the dictatorial methods employed by the prison director, Mr. Galiana, in running the prison—plus the fact that he was lining his own pockets with the proceeds of the sale of articles of furniture made by the prisoners. This uprising was finally quelled with the help of the prison chaplan, Fr. Velten, who is greatly respected by the prisoners. But things didn't stop there. This year there have already been revolts, protest movements and strikes in the prisons of Nîmes, Amiens, Puy-de-Dôme and even the ultramodern "model" prison of Fleury-Mérogis.

What lies behind the unrest? Is it simply, as some contend, that the criticism of modern society inaugurated by the students and taken up by other sectors of the population has logically spread to the prisons? That the prisoners are finally experiencing their "May 1968"? There is certainly some truth in this, and the relatively large numbers of left-wing students thrown into prison under the infamous "loi anti-casseurs" (law against violence committed by groups), which came into force in June 1970, have done a lot to "conscientize" (their enemies would say "contaminate") the prison inmates concerning the evils of neo-capitalism. But there is more to it than that.

The main reason for the prison unrest is not so much political as humanitarian. The plain fact is that the great majority of prisons are ancient, overcrowded and understaffed. And this leads us to the root of the problem: the whole penal system is based on fear and repression rather than cure and re-education. Out of the 172 prisons and penal institutions in France, 111 have insufficient sanitary equipment; 54 are not properly heated; and 77 are in such a state of disrepair that they ought to be demolished, or entirely renovated. Only one prison was built in France between 1910 and 1960, and since then a few "model" prisons have been opened, in Muret, Valenciennes, Bonneville and especially Fleury-Mérogis.

In the older prisons overcrowding is chronic—in many cases cells destined to house four prisoners accommodate anything up to seven or eight men, sleeping on the floor and on superimposed bunks. In conditions such as these they have to live, wash and even excrete, without a single moment of privacy. In many places the iniquitous "cage à poule" (hen-house) system still prevails. This is a dormitory divided into "cages," separated by wooden or iron bars, 2.50 meters by 1.80, containing simply a bed and a metal basin. The most characteristic thing about such institutions is the smell. As one ex-prisoner described it: "Prison is above all a smell—intolerable for the delicate olfactory system: it is a mixture of dead rat, cat-piss, mold, various kinds of shit, dirty feet, escaping gas, cold cigarette butts and cabbage soup."

Here is a typical day at the prison of Poissy. The prisoners rise at 6:30 when the first bell rings. The locks of all the "hen-houses" are freed simultaneously and slop buckets must be emptied and rinsed. This, together with personal washing and cleaning of the cell must all be accomplished in 20 minutes. Second bell: refectory for coffee; this is one of the rare places where smoking is allowed. Third bell: compulsory workshops. Fourth bell, 11:30: recreation (walking round the courtyard in a circle). Fifth bell, midday: refectory. Sixth bell, 12:45: recreation in the yard. Seventh bell, 13:30: workshop until 17:30. Eighth bell: recreation. Ninth bell, 18:00: refectory. Truth bell, 18:45: back to the "hen-houses" and bed.

ALAIN WOODROW, *a member of the staff of* Informations Catholiques Internationales, *is* Commonweal's *Paris correspondent.*

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Work ends on Saturday at midday, then the workshop must be cleaned. Reading or writing is allowed on Saturday afternoon. Sunday morning, those who wish may go to Mass. On Sunday afternoon there is cinema or television for those who have amassed the required number of "good points," awarded for general conduct or work. Insubordination, or any other misdemeanor, on the other hand, is punished by the privation of tobacco or television, by solitary confinement and even the use of the straitjacket. This extreme measure, moreover, is often used on prisoners who have been driven to a state of nervous breakdown or attempted suicide. Instead of receiving the proper medical and psychiatric treatment, they are strapped to their bed, often for several days, without being freed—even to relieve themselves. In the face of such inhumanity, and of such a trivializing, soul-destroying daily life it is scarcely surprising that one's thoughts should turn to rebellion.

The old prison code was essentially preoccupied with discipline and with the punishment of crime, and the avowed aim of the prison system was to break the prisoner, physically and morally. At the end of the last war, in 1944, a commission was set up in France with a view to extensive prison reform. One of the major principles arrived at by this commission was that "the privation of the prisoner's freedom has one objective: the emendation and social reintegration of the condemned person." To this end, the commission's report stated that "the prisoners should be treated humanely and kept free from corruptive promiscuity. Furthermore, they should be trained progressively, in order to acquire a

specialized profession and thus take their place in society once more."

These noble sentiments have largely remained a pious hope. Partly because no real attempt was made to re-educate the prison staff and explain these new ideas to them, but also—and mainly—because the penal system lacks the material means to carry out an effective reform. The Ministry of Justice has to make ends meet, for all its needs, with a trifling 0.7 percent of the national budget, and it is already hard put to recruit the necessary prison staff, who have a thankless task for which they are paid less than the police. Last year, there were 380 posts vacant for prison guards, but only 220 candidates.

The lack of prison personnel also increases the fear and mistrust felt by those who have to deal with an ever-increasing number of prisoners—of whom there are an estimated 33,000 in France today, many of them in for short spells or waiting for trial. The guard is supposed to keep a vigilant eye on his charges the whole time; he must be on the lookout for conspiracy, prevent suicides, stop escapes and maintain discipline. There is little wonder that he soon forgets the idealistic lectures on the positive rehabilitation of the prisoner. His overriding feeling is one of fear—fear that he communicates to his prisoners in order to remain in control of the situation.

Solving the Problems

Even in the model "prison-without-bars" of Fleury-Mérogis, which is known in prison jargon as the "four-star hotel," and which has individual rooms equipped with wash-basins, tables and chairs, the problems are far from being solved. The inmates no longer see the guards since everything is done by remote control and a loudspeaker system. But the resulting isolation and dehumanization have already led to several suicides, and the prison is not full to capacity owing to a shortage of staff.

What is the answer? The obvious, long-term solution is to stop treating men like animals. Already deprived of their freedom, prisoners should not be subjected to petty harassment and pointless discipline. The more he is despised, insulted and forced to carry out a futile or degrading job, the more a prisoner will become obsessed with the idea of revolt or escape—and the more likely he will be to seek his revenge on society when he is released and become a hardened criminal.

This is in fact the line taken by the special commission recently set up by the Minister of Justice to propose yet one more reform of the penal system. "Every man has a right to work," states the preliminary report just published by the commission, "and he should receive a just wage for his work. We feel that the system of 'good points' is a very dubious form of recompense. It is also regrettable that the prisoner and his family are deprived of sick benefits during his sentence."

Even more radical are the suggestions made by the commission with regard to the efficacy of the prison system, as such, for dealing with crime. "Prison is not adapted to certain modern forms of delinquency," states the report, "that, for example, of youth gangs; whereas it can be positively dangerous for certain categories, like drug addicts. Since prisons are often ineffectual and very costly to maintain, and since more than half of their inmates are sentenced to periods of less than a year, it is suggested that tribunals replace prison sentences in

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these cases by other forms of punishment, such as the confiscation of driving licenses, the closing of establishments, etc."

The solution of the problem would seem to lie in this direction, and in Holland, for example, with a population of quarter that of France, there are only 2,500 regular prisoners. Until prisons are conceived of as educative institutions, whose task is to heal those who are often suffering from wounds inflicted by the society that produced them, then they should be reserved for the dangerous, hard-core criminals, who must be put out of harm's way. The indiscriminate herding together of all offenders, young and old, dangerous and simply misguided, political and criminal, in sub-human conditions, can only spell disaster—as is being amply proved by the current unrest.

THE CITY IN AFRICA

JONATHAN POWER

Is it absolutely necessary that development has to lead to urbanization and severe social stratification?

Until very recently the sacred measuring rod of success in an underdeveloped country was considered to be Gross National Product, not least by the eggheads of such a revered source of development wisdom as the World Bank. But at last the jargon of economic development has begun to change. Earlier this year when the world's leading development experts met to discuss the Pearson Committee report, Robert McNamara, the World Bank's president sounded a new note.

He challenged the august assembly to stop thinking of success as a 5 percent growth rate. "What do such figures mean," he said, "when we remember that even for the affluent, life is beset by smog, pollution, noise, traffic congestion, urban violence, youthful disaffection and a terrifying increase in the drug problem? . . . What we must grasp is that gross measures of economic strength and gross measures of economic growth . . . cannot measure the soundness of the social structure of a nation." How far this thinking penetrates into the World Bank, however, is a moot point. One of its senior officials said to me after the speech with a cynical smile: "We're making the best of both worlds. We have a radical rhetoric which appeals to the aid lobby and conservative policies that satisfy the bankers."

Nevertheless, the argument of McNamara's speech was brought back to me as I was driving along through the Sierra Leone countryside. I had been given a lift by an airport engineer who had studied at a London polytechnic. I had got him to talk about Guinea. "You know, their educated people are worth nothing," he said. "But look at me. I am an engineer at the airport. I have a car, a mileage allowance. I can afford to buy you a beer, a whiskey, whatever you want." I could not help but think as he talked on that in twenty or thirty years' time, when this ethos has supplanted traditional African rural villages, Sierra Leone and so many other African countries would probably be facing savage class tensions, and maybe in a hundred years' time cities as unbearable as New York and Chicago.

But is it absolutely necessary that development has to lead to urbanization and severe social stratification? The answer seemed to be staring at me as I looked through the car window. On either side of the road the traditional dwellings of wattle and thatch that characterize so much of the African countryside had been supplanted. There were now sturdy houses—still constructed from traditional materials, apart from the metal roof—but how different they looked. They were tall and square, with a wooden veranda on which the children were playing with clay marbles. The rough-hung doors and high open windows that allowed a minimum of light had been replaced by elegant wooden entrances full of intricate carving, wide window frames with shutters to be closed at night. Every so often through the palm trees I could see a carpenter at work shaping more doors, tables and chairs. The little shops which once sold only soap, paraffin and rice were now heaped with brightly colored cloth, fish neatly arranged in circular rows, meat and eggs.

And this was not the town. The nearest piece of urban living was 15 miles away, with three miles of river in between. But it was only in the towns of Africa that I had seen these "luxuries" before—luxuries which seemed meaningless beside the open sewers that linked the decrepit, tin-shack, overcrowded houses to the street. What I was now seeing was rural development, not based on the salary of an airport engineer or government clerk, but on catching fish, selling coconut and growing tomatoes. And how much more gentle and stable it all looked.

Yet to my driving companion this was a lower kind of life. To be "educated" or "Western" a young man in

JONATHAN POWER *is a British free-lance writer and television reporter.*

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Africa has to move to the town. The colonial education system gave him urban skills and urban values. Even today only a handful of African countries teach agriculture in school. Hundreds pour into the towns every day, hunting jobs that do not exist, African cities are growing at an alarming rate, but often for social reasons, not economic ones.

Our Western cities, horrid as they are, at least had an economic cause: they grew because of the stimulus to industrialization from the agricultural revolution. Manufacturing developed in the villages and market towns and only later, as the demands for bigger urban units mounted, did the large towns develop. The proportion of the population living in cities of over 20,000 was invariably smaller than the proportion of the working force engaged in manufacturing. In France in 1856, a not atypical example, 10.7 percent of the population lived in urban areas, but 29 percent worked in industry. But in Africa we find more people living in towns than there are working in industry. In Tunisia in 1956, a UN survey showed that 17.5 percent of the people were in cities, but only 6.8 percent of the labor force was working in industry.

By 1980 it is estimated that Dakar, Abidgan and Accra alone will each have a million inhabitants—22 percent, 20 percent and 8.5 percent of their country's total population respectively. Yet only 5 percent of their population will be engaged in industry. (In Latin America and Asia this imbalance between manufacturing and urban population is even more marked, but there rural overpopulation and archaic land ownership structures are primary causes.)

But even if African cities could achieve a Western-type balance between population and industry, what would be the point? Traditionally we have been brought up to think of cities as synonymous with economic activity, industrialization and modern civilization. Large concentrations of people subdivided into a myriad of economic tasks, served by railways, factories and banks, could produce goods at a far greater rate than could the rural economy with its peasants, blacksmiths and carpenters. Yet our own cities have either failed, or are on the point of failing. The social costs have overwhelmed the economic benefits. How meaningless it is, for example, to say as some do, that Chicago's black population has a higher average income level than any other black group in the world. Because in Chicago three or four thousand dollars a year means nothing.

It is not enough to stop the garbage piling up on the streets, or rats taking over the stairways. It does not stop the murder rate being almost one a day. It is nothing when rent and the price of food are exorbitantly high, higher than for whites who live in the better part of town. It is nothing when you have to buy a car to get to work because there's no decent public transport. And yet the god of GNP per head lives on.

So as I drove along through the Sierra Leone bush I could not help but think that the answer must lie on the land and with the small successful family farmers I could see beside the roadside. (After all, modern farming with its sophisticated division of labor is merely an extension of the town and incapable of absorbing much surplus population if it is to be "economic.") The small family farmer, the crofter, however, has enormous potential. Subsistence farming, a dirty word in the economist's vocabulary can be in fact carried out at quite a high level. Farmers who literally did subsist on maize, beans, and small game, can within a matter of five or ten years widen this to include poultry, fish, fruit trees, green vegetables, and oil palms.

This, together with the simultaneous development in a small village of about a hundred persons of a blacksmith, weaver and carpenter, can mean houses can be improved, a dispensary supported, and the standard of living raised in situ—just what I was seeing out of the car window.

It is also a pattern of life that can easily absorb a growing population for relatively small injections of capital: fertilizer, improved seeds, or a simple pump for irrigation; output can be raised sharply. Fertilizer can produce 200 percent to 400 percent returns in the first year. Improved seeds can double or triple yields at the next harvest. (It is, of course, this very concept that Julius Nyerere is pioneering with his villagization program in Tanzania.) Clearly this prescription is no panacea. It cannot answer every need. But it is a question of emphasis.

Does the town grow first and drag the countryside along in its wake with all its frightening social consequences? Or does rural economic activity gradually quicken its pace, steadily but surely pulling together the elements needed for a better life, until the town is ready to emerge as a natural extension of the social and economic life of the countryside?

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MARIANNE ANDREA

TWILIGHT

Watch how an hour escapes one autumn
afternoon,
As if a proud, translucent bird
Flies suddenly into the room and
Hangs suspended in the amber air;
Then moves in swift, unhesitating arcs
Unwinding silken threads of dark,
Fraying the edges of the day
To fix the patterns of an old Gobelin.

Wait cautiously, compel the colors to
remain,
The bird will look in half suspense.
But with the last remaining light,
It sighs, and gently flies into the night.

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THE SCREEN

Francis Ford Coppola's film of *The Godfather* is really class trash. In its first week of release it earned nearly 500 G's, which is an all-time record. It promises to make Paramount Pictures more money this year than *Love Story* did last. Its success proves, moreover, that despite everything people said, immorality is not what has offended the public in movies lately. Bad storytelling is. *The Godfather* is as immoral and violent as any other movie one might object to. But people are not objecting to this one because it is a well-made narrative film, free of obscurantist tricks and false artistic pride. It relies largely on tried and true (and recently neglected) techniques, storytelling techniques like cross-cutting. There is even a Vorkopich effect in it.

In a Vorkopich effect, which is a stock device invented by a Yugoslav in the twenties and widely used in American films of the thirties and forties, the pages fall off a calendar one by one to mark a passing of time, or train wheels are seen churning to indicate a journey. The version used by Coppola is the one where the camera focuses down on a succession of newspaper headlines that record the occurrence of some predicted event—in this case, a gangland war. It's not easy for a young director today to make a film in which such an effect doesn't seem affected. But that's the kind of achievement *The Godfather* is. The film is devious, disarming and unashamed of its own gauche appeal; but like good godfathers themselves, it "earns its rep" with us. Despite its moral flaws and base motives, it demands a certain respect. It is evil, but we cannot help ourselves: we admire it.

The beauty of a Vorkopich effect is its economy, which is aesthetic as well as financial. Not only does it save the producer the cost of whole scenes, it recycles excess plot as usable transition material. Such aesthetic economy and compactness is typical of Coppola's adaptation of Mario Puzo's novel. In fact, the film is a much better, sparer narrative than the novel. (Coppola and Puzo get a joint screen credit for the adaptation; but since the novel was presumably the best Puzo could do on his own, I would suppose that Coppola requested any changes Puzo may have made as collaborator on the script.) The place where the film shows its superiority most clearly is the ending. Michael Corleone (Al Pacino), the youngest son, is trying to gain control of the empire left by Don Vito Corleone, the Godfather (Marlon Brando). To accomplish this, Michael is paying off in one blow all vendettas from the last gang war. This settling-up includes even the murder of his own brother-in-law.

In the novel Michael directs the co-ordinated assassinations from his home inside the family's fortified malls on Long Island. But in the film while the assassinations are occurring, Michael is, at his own request, doing something he does earlier and only reluctantly in the novel: he is serving as godfather at the baptism of his nephew—the nephew whose real father Michael is about to have killed. The film thus brings home with more immediacy the point implicit in both film and novel: that being "Godfather" ultimately perverts and betrays the very family relationships from which a Godfather's power springs. Through cross-cutting between the murders and the christening, which now becomes an alibi for Michael, Coppola has done in one scene what Puzo did less forcefully in two. Again, Coppola's economy as a storyteller improves on the novel.

I should not be surprising that Coppola is good at adaptation. His last project before *The Godfather* was *Patton,* on which he collaborated as a scriptwriter. (*The Godfather* begins as *Patton* did, with a monologue.) In *The Godfather,* in addition to telescoping events, Coppola has chopped out a good deal of the novel. Almost all the minor characters are gone, the backgrounds of the major ones have been deleted, and, partly as a result of these abridgements, the most bizarre sex and violence in the novel have also been omitted. This last may seem an unexpected revision; but like the rest of the shrinkage, it helps streamline the plot.

There is still plenty of violence left, however, and Coppola makes all the violence that he does include visually shocking. Such atrocities as axe murder and infanticide aren't even mentioned in the film, let alone depicted the way they are in the book. But Coppola is not above adding one or two gruesome details of his own to the more work-a-day murder he does film. A hand that was only grabbed in restraint in the book is now pinned to a bar top with a knife. The foot of a garroted man now kicks out a windshield and twitches spasmodically before the movie camera mounted on the hood of the car.

The continuity of the novel's plot hasn't suffered at all from being stripped down by Coppola. If there is a loss to the Corleones' story anywhere, it is perhaps in the area of characterization. Divested of the biographical sketch that Puzo supplied, each character loses substance. Coppola wisely copes with the problem by ignoring it. This is especially shrewd where Don Corleone is concerned. The film offers us nothing in place of the book's history of the Don's rise to power. Don Corleone remains a mystery figure, a man whose power we must sense from his presence rather than his accomplishments. This gambit is at least as old as Chrétien de Troyes' portrayal of King Arthur. Lancelot's feats were so incredible, what could Arthur do that would show him to be greater than Lancelot? The answer, obviously, was that he must do nothing, except exercise authority over Lancelot.

Similarly, Coppola establishes Don Corleone's charac-

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ter merely by having his fearless son Santino fear him and having his prudent son Michael respect his judgment. In the novel there are several key conversations in which Don Corleone discusses the importance of being the man who pulls the strings in society—the puppeteer instead of the puppets. But Don Corleone's effectiveness depends more on his ability to pull the strings in his own family. His is so forceful a character that even after he is dead, he continues to influence Michael's destiny.

The extraordinary power that Don Corleone exercises over Michael is the fatal weakness of the novel. In effect the novel is Michael's story, for Michael's accession to his father's way of life is the only segment of the Corleone family history that is complete and self-contained in the novel. When the novel begins, Michael is a war hero turned Dartmouth graduate. He has repudiated the family's gangster ethics and is in love with a Yankee WASP named Kay Adams. When the novel ends, Michael is a full-fledged Mafia chief and, even more incredibly, his wife Kay is a convert to Catholicism attending Mass each morning to pray for Michael's soul.

The trouble with Michael's conversion to his father's way is that it is too easy. He falls into the murderous ways of his family so painlessly—almost absent-mindedly, as if he had forgotten he was against coercion and murder—that we cannot believe his apostacy was ever serious. Coppola does have the sense to eliminate Kay's ridiculous affection of Sicilian womanhood. But Michael's character, or non-character, is at the very heart of Puzo's story. There is only so much that adaptation can do to alter it. So fundamental a weakness inevitably undermines the film as much as the novel. Coppola's accomplishment, then, is to recognize both the possibilities and the limitations of the novel. He works intelligently within those limitations.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

BEYOND SEXUAL POLITICS
JEAN BETHKE ELSHTAIN

Juliet Mitchell; photo: Jerry Bauer

'At last, a Feminist work which does not leave a frustrated, gnawing aftertaste.'

THE FIRST *livre à succès* of the current spate of Feminist analyses was Kate Millett's *Sexual Politics* (Doubleday, 1970, $7.95). Millett's "Theory of Sexual Politics" featured an undifferentiated, diffuse patriarchal system looking like some omniscient, evil demon *everywhere*—art, literature, politics, economics, sex, religion. Coitus itself, for Millett, was ". . . a charged microcosm of the variety of attitudes and values to which culture subscribes." (p. 23)

A certain confusion of categories was evident in statements like the following: "It is in the area of *class* that the *caste-like status* of the female within patriarchy is most liable to confusion, for sexual *status* often operates in a superficially confusing way within the variable of *class*." (p. 36, emphasis mine) Terms like class, caste-like and status were stripped of their usual meanings and tossed about in a fashion that never quite approached logical coherence. The reader concluded the book with a strong sense of victimization, but little clear notion of what, if anything, could be done to change things for women.

Admittedly, Millett was developing a theory of patriarchy, not pointing the way towards how the women's movement could best bring about changes in her all-encompassing patriarchal society. Nevertheless, if a theory is to serve the end of social change it must do more than reinforce a sense of frustration and anger at the economic, political and social inequality of women. Purportedly revolutionary ideas should serve as a catalyst for change—they should both invigorate the individual and provide the 'cement' for the revolutionary group or organization in the struggle to restructure institutions in this or any other society.

A lively alternative to Millett's academic style was provided by Germaine Greer's *The Female Eunuch*, last year's Feminist best seller (McGraw-Hill Book Co., 1971, $6.95). Male reviewers fell all over one another to praise Ms. Greer's mordant wit, scintillating style and pithy erudition. The reviewer for the *New York Times* even suggested that it was unfortunate that Millett's book had hit the presses first: Greer's was so much more entertaining and, most marvelous of all, she *liked* men and frankly admitted to a vigorous appetite for groovy sexual experiences. *Life* magazine extolled Greer as the frisky Feminist (or something similarly precious) even men could like. The sighs of relief were almost audible.

One rushed to open the book—enlightenment and entertainment in one package: Feminism can be fun. And faced, at the conclusion, the seemingly inevitable diminution of enthusiasm. True, Greer *was* entertaining and her discussion of the female body seemed excellent. Her cool critique of the new-found ideology of the clitoral orgasm, backed by what Greer called the Masters and Johnson "blueprint for standard, low-agitation cool-out monogamy," was welcome. (p. 34) But when she

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enjoined women to hold out for ectasy, not simply orgasm, I found myself backing away. How does one hold out for ecstasy anyway?

The work as a whole was a severe disappointment: she failed to confront psychoanalytic theory in any serious fashion; she ignored Marxist theory save for such glib comments as the following: "Women's liberation, if it abolishes the patriarchal family, will abolish a necessary substructure of the authoritarian state, and once that withers away Marx will have come true willy-nilly, so let's get on with it." (p. 326) Get on with what? Here, in one neat sentence, we have women's liberation abolishing the family (maybe) which will automatically lead to the downfall of the state and, most marvelous of all, its subsequent withering. We can do without such naive fairy tales at this late date.

How will women's liberation 'abolish' the family? In what way are the family and the state so inexorably intermingled that the loss of this one substructural support will result in the downfall and subsequent withering away of the state? No state has ever withered away. States may be overthrown (if we identify the state with a particular government). States may be gradually undermined, or they may be transformed, but they don't just wither like the fruit on a vine ripped from the ground. The process is not automatic. This is a gross distortion of Marxist theory.

Greer wants the family to disappear. She wants women to "humanize the penis." She urges women to remain single and 'free' and advises married women to leave husbands and children in order to liberate themselves. Beneficently, she would allow the woman to pay support to the deserted husband and children. She admits that most women will shrink from leaving their children "because of the assumptions that they have formed about the importance of their role as bearers and socializers of children . . ." (p. 320) Is it not possible that a woman may, in fact, *love* her children? Perhaps, shockingly enough, she may even like her husband as well. Apparently such women are a lost cause in Greer's pursuit of campy individuality.

Her answer for how to fight the capitalist economy is frivolous. The notion that the rejection of beer and cigarettes for "illicit marijuana has far-reaching effects for the economy if it is taken up on any large scale," is plain silly. (p. 324) What "far-reaching effects"? What constitutes a "large scale"? Anyone familiar with the operations of a capitalist economy would argue that any mass movement away from beer and cigarettes in favor of marijuana would catalyze the beer and cigarette lobbies into launching an immediate campaign for legalization of marijuana which, once successful, would mean capitalist control of the marijuana industry.

Greer clings to the illusion that the total effect of individual women's assiduously pursuing their own individualistic interests will be a social revolution. This is the old liberal ideology in feminist disguise. She cautions against fighting for reforms or joining in rebellion, yet urges women to perpetrate a revolution, defined by Greer as "the festival of the oppressed." (p. 328) This seems to me a cruel hoax. Revolutions, violent or not, are not Woodstock writ large. The walls of Jericho do not fall at the sound of rock bands and the cries of ecstasy.

At last, however, a Feminist work has appeared which is solidly grounded in sociological, political, and psychoanalytical theory. It is the only major Feminist analysis which doesn't leave a frustrated, gnawing aftertaste. I refer to Juliet Mitchell's *Woman's Estate* (Pantheon Books, 1971, $5.95). Mitchell meticulously surveys the background to current Feminist agitation which she links to other manifestations of radicalism in the 1960's, including the Black and student movements. She examines the gradual differentiation of the women's movement from other radical groups, and correctly ties the movement to the contradictions within modern, liberal, democratic societies—that glaring discrepancy between the egalitarian ideology and the actual operations of the socio-economic system.

After a brief survey of the status of the women's movement in various Western countries, Mitchell discusses principles of organization and popular concepts of women's liberation including consciousness-raising, male chauvinism, sexism and patriarchy. Mitchell is not afraid to face the fact that the complexity of the problem has led to a proliferation of groups and attitudes. Neither is she afraid to criticize the weaknesses inherent in certain popular approaches, particularly those that downgrade organization for individualistic spontaneity. Unlike Greer, who calls reform 'repressive,' Mitchell sees the need for reforms *now* even if these reforms do not immediately usher in the revolution.

Mitchell's theory of women's oppression is essentially an elaboration of her famous article, "Women: The Longest Revolution," which appeared in the *New Left Review* in December, 1966. She first exposes the shortcomings in the discussions of women by traditional socialist theorists including Marx, Engels, and August Bebel, all of whom exhibited a tendency to give the problem of women "a universal importance at the cost of depriving it of its specific substance." (p. 78) Her recognition of the weaknesses of socialist analyses as they relate to women does not lead her to a rejection of socialist theory and methodology *in toto*.

One of the strongest features of Mitchell's work is her refusal to take refuge in monist causality, whether it be economic or sexual determinism. For this reason, she criticizes the sexual determinist theories of radical feminism. Lodging the *system* of oppression in *Nature* itself (that is, sexual dualism) is, argues Mitchell, "a general, nonspecific truth. . . . simplistic materialism, no more." (p. 90) A complex structure is reduced to a "simple whole" and the belief that the revolution will arrive when nature is overcome. Mitchell points out that the move to overcome nature results in an overweening emphasis on, and naive faith in, the munificent benefits of technology. Shulamith Fire-

JEAN BETHKE ELSHTAIN *is a doctoral candidate in political science at Brandeis University in Massachusetts.*

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stone, for example, in *The Dialectics of Sex,* pins her hope in automation and such manifestations, deplored by Mitchell, as test-tube babies and baby farms. The faith shown by many radical Feminists—Ti-Grace Atkinson comes to mind—in technology and biological engineering is reminiscent of the romance of many late nineteenth and early twentieth century reformers with social engineering. They sought a system based on popular education through such media as advertising. The public was to be systematically mobilized in the direction of efficiency and social planning. There is always a tendency, it seems, to seek mechanistic answers to complex social problems.

The second half of Mitchell's book is devoted to a painstaking examination of all the variables involved in women's oppression. She finds the key structures in women's situation to be: Production, Reproduction, Sexuality, and the Socialization of children. Because the result —women's oppression—is the product of all these structures, it is 'overdetermined.' There is no automatic 'withering away' of the state or anything else in Mitchell's discussion. Her linkage of the variables implicated in all four structures is complex and difficult. (A somewhat turgid prose style is partially to blame.)

Her analysis focuses most closely on the family: the institutional mainstay of the structures of reproduction, sexuality and childhood socialization and the key to women's exclusion from or exploitation within the fourth structure, production. Given the integration of all four structures, Mitchell concludes: "A revolutionary movement must base its analysis on the uneven development of each structure, and attack the weakest link in the combination." (p. 122) Sexuality, she thinks, is the most rapidly changing structure and the chain's weakest link at the present time. It is possible to focus on the structures separately in an analysis and in planning strategy for the political struggle because these structures, argues Mitchell, "are historically, not intrinsically related to each other in the present modern family." (p. 107)

All Feminists with children will welcome the careful attention Mitchell pays to the crucial topic of socialization of the young. She seems genuinely concerned about the fate of children and strongly reiterates the crucial nature of the love and care children receive in their formative years—a topic ignored, glossed-over, or airily dismissed in much Feminist literature.

Mitchell concludes that the differentiation of the family's functions, not some sort of abolition by fiat (impossible in any case) will lead gradually to equality for women. She poses no chimeras of instant liberation. She clearly discerns the strength and ubiquity of the family ideology, and she argues that psychoanalytic theory is a useful tool for understanding many of the ramifications of this ideology. One must note with appreciation Mitchell's refusal to dismiss all of psychoanalytic methodology in a pique at "penis envy." She points out that Freud developed a complex notion of "the power of the image of the phallus within human society," (p. 167) an image crucial in connecting events on the micro-level with macro-level structures in a patriarchal milieu.

Finally, then, we have a Feminist book which eschews dismissal of entire systems of thought, Marxist or Freudian, because individual theoreticians may have been sexists. Mitchell is free from shallow antinomianism. Her conclusion is a measured plea for intelligent analysis, for the 'cement' of ideas and methods, and the necessity for organization and leaders. *Woman's Estate* must be recommended not only as an antidote to the shortcomings of other Feminist writings, but because it stands, in its own right, as the work of a thoughtful, learned woman who knows that there are no easy paths to a just society.

BOOKS

A nostalgic glimpse at Hasidism

Souls on Fire

ELIE WIESEL

Random House, $7.95

MICHAEL J. BANDLER

The tale is told of a legendary Jewish scholar of the 18th century, Israel, Master of the Good Name, who—whenever misfortune threatened his coreligionists—would go to a certain part of the forest to meditate. There he would kindle a fire, offer a special prayer; and the misfortune would be miraculously averted.

Years later, when his disciple had occasion to similarly intercede with heaven, he would go to the same spot and say, "Lord of the Universe, listen! I do not know how to light a fire, but I am still able to say the prayer." And the miracle again would occur.

A later follower, it is said, attempted to save his people by going into the forest and saying: "Lord, I cannot kindle the fire and I do not know the prayer, but I know the place and this must be sufficient." It was, and the miracle followed.

Ultimately, it fell to another scholar to overcome misfortune. Sitting in his armchair, head buried in hands, he lamented to heaven: "I am unable to light the fire, I do not know the prayer, and I cannot even find the place in the forest. All I can do is tell the story, and this must be sufficient." And it was.

Elie Wiesel, the laureate of lamentation, lived through the holocaust in Europe a generation ago, and knows that the telling of the story is no longer sufficient, because the threat was not averted. "Perhaps," he says, "we are no longer able to tell the story,"

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and in this, we the survivors are guilty.

For some reason—perhaps further proof of the burden we all share—Elie Wiesel has not yet been established as a household name even in all profoundly concerned Jewish homes. On the international literary level, though, he has been honored in France—one of the countries in which he has worked for the entire postwar era—with the Prix Medicis. On a different, more intimate level, he is generally regarded as the sweetest singer to emerge from the most bitter and tragic period of modern Jewish history.

All of his writings—five volumes of fiction, four works of nonfiction, and one exercise blending the two forms—emanate from his personal memories. Born in Sighet, Rumania, in 1928, he was sent—along with his parents and three sisters — to the concentration camp at Auschwitz. Only he and two sisters survived the war, and Elie, or Eliezer, experienced slave labor at Buchenwald before the liberation ensued.

Since the end of the war, he has lived in Paris, Israel and New York City, and has been an American citizen for the past nine years. His mind, however, reverts constantly to the years and the experiences he will never forget in futile search for an explanation; and his books are filled with recollections and with pages on which the words virtually weep silently.

Interestingly, it was the renowned French Roman Catholic writer, François Mauriac, who initially urged him to set down his memories of Auschwitz, which he did, in a book entitled *And The World Has Remained Silent,* or the Yiddish equivalent. Translated into French, it was called *La Nuit,* and in English, *Night.* In turn, this brief memoir was followed by several novels—*Dawn, The Accident, The Town Beyond the Wall* and *The Gates of the Forest.* At no time did he let his mind stray from what he perceived, and still perceives, to be his task: to keep burning the haunting image—the flames of the Nazi ovens—as a symbolic memorial lamp and a lesson for future generations. More than once, he has confronted sharply the cynical body of opinion which contends that the Jews went to their death in a sheeplike, passive manner. "The Talmud," he has written, "teaches man never to judge his friends until he has been in his place. But, for the world, the Jews are not friends. They have never been. Because they had no friends they are dead. So, learn to be silent."

In recent years, two events have loomed large in Jewish history: the rebirth of a homeland in Israel—and the wars that have followed—and the slow cultural strangulation of three million Soviet Jews. The four volumes that followed *Gates of the Forest*—while not forsaking the memory of the holocaust victims—come to grips with the developments in Israel and in the Soviet Union. They were *The Jews of Silence, Legends of Our Time, A Beggar in Jerusalem* and *One Generation After.* In each instance, Wiesel now demonstrated a capacity to grow out of the scenario in which he had become willingly, even defiantly, enmeshed.

Now we have a new Wiesel volume to savor, and—strangely—it is a return to the past; not, on the surface, the past of Auschwitz and Buchenwald, but rather a nostalgic glimpse at the Hasidic cult out of which the author sprang. Entitled *Souls On Fire,* it is a series of portraits of the 18th and 19th century teachers around whom a rich, vibrant series of legends has unfolded.

Hasidism—from the Hebrew word "hesed" meaning grace—is the name given to the religious and social order that arose among Eastern European Jewry in the early 1700's out of the catastrophic Jewish condition resulting from anti-Semitic persecutions and a wave of false Messiahs. It stressed the equality of all men of all degrees of learning before G-d, and encouraged its followers by combining scholarship with boundless joy and love for life. Laughter, song and dance were welcomed, not forbidden, by the sect's leaders. Wiesel's grandfather came from that tradition, and steeped his grandson in it.

Wiesel has based his book on five years of research culminating in a

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series of standing-room-only lectures he delivered during the past two years at the Sorbonne and at the 92nd Street YMHA in New York City. As with his previous works, it was orginally written in French; this is the first of his works to be translated by his wife Marion.

Writing in the third-person, Wiesel explains he was motivated to write *Souls On Fire* simply to tell of himself while telling of others, not to teach nor convince but rather to "close gaps and create new bonds." He isn't trying to explain in historical terms the past or present. "He only tries to wrest from death certain prayers, certain faces, by appealing to the imagination and the nostalgia that make man listen when his story is told."

The ranks of the Hasidim, to an overwhelming extent, were dissipated at the Nazis' hands. In a sense now, the writer is returning anew to his earlier theme, with the added nostalgic touch to evoke universal recognition both of the Hasidim and of the holocaust. So he says in an afterword:

". . . He was seduced by the idea of bringing back to life some of the characters that peopled his universe, the universe of his childhood. They fascinate and haunt him still, even more. For the Hasidic movement that preached brotherhood and reconciliation became the altar upon which an entire people was immolated. Sometimes the child in me tells me that the world did not deserve this Law, this love, this spirit and this song that accompany man on his lonely road. The world did not deserve the fables the Hasidim told them: that is why they were the first to be caught and swept away in the turmoil."

In recalling the legendary greats of the tradition, Wiesel goes no further than any of the numerous earlier collections of tales, most notably the two-volume set of Martin Buber. He has not uncovered any new scholarship, any new legends; indeed, on more than one occasion, a fragment of the set of tales is re-attributed to a later Master, demonstrating how the framework evolved and was molded to the present day. But he does add that unique Wiesel message, and—as always—the message is pegged to the holocaust, and its aftermath.

Thus he recalls the story of Moshe-Leib, who said to his friend Uri: "You cross the country from one end to the other, collecting money to free this man from prison, marry this orphan girl, help that widow. I know, I know all that. But I have no money; never had any. I would like to help you and I don't know how. I would like to do something for you, but I don't know what—Wait! I've got it! I know what to do; I know how to help you: Uri, my friend, Rebbe of Strelisk, I shall dance for you!

And in italics he adds:

"And I try to imagine my grandfather in the train that carried him away. They tell me that some danced, others sang and still others prayed—fervently, joyously, as though they anticipated a celebration, a reunion. And he? I try to see him, but I cannot. And so I shall never know whether my grandfather, Dodye Feig, the Wiznitzer Hasid, went to his death singing or dancing for a man, for a child, or for a tale he will never tell."

The night that was immortal for six million persists in the background. Nonetheless, Hasidism lives today, a fact that undoubtedly contributed to the author's newest project. Wiesel marvels at its phoenix-like revival, its tenacity, its ability to weather—albeit depleted—the worst storm of history and its undying hope for man. Examples of its prevalence abound. Wiesel cites the rabbinic court in Brooklyn, and the Hasidim he met in three Soviet cities. There are other examples, too: the preponderance of Hasidic melodies on the modern Israeli hit parade; the countless members of the sect who tour college campuses urging young Jews to keep the faith; and the Hasidic musical down the block from *Hair* that is drawing sizable Broadway audiences.

Wiesel asks, at one point, "Are we still capable of beginning all over again?" He recalls the legend of the two Hasidim, brothers who traveled everywhere together; every place they stayed overnight became annexed to the Hasidic kingdom. The places they couldn't reach remained outside Hasidism. One day they arrived in a small village near Cracow with the intention of staying overnight. But they were restless and felt compelled to leave. At dusk, they left. The name of the village was Auschwitz.

Souls On Fire is a toweringly inspiring document of faith in man's inexplicable, yet unwavering capacity to begin again. It also is renewed proof, though, that Elie Wiesel will never forget the past that we all ultimately share.

William Butler Yeats

DENIS DONOGHUE

Viking, $6.95

CLAIRE HAHN

Since his death in 1939, criticism of William Butler Yeats has burgeoned like some amazing plant which threatens to obscure not the importance, but the real achievement of the poet. The problem of meaning, especially in Yeats' later works, is perhaps more complex than that posed by any other modern poet. Even difficult modern poets have a learnable context, a tangible intellectual framework. Facing up to the difficulties posed by the inconsistencies of Yeats' shifting philosophical positions and the constant impingement of this intellectual background on the poems themselves forces the critic to a consideration of fundamental problems of poetry and communication, poetry and belief.

One of the most recent and most welcome attempts to set Yeats' *oeuvre* in perspective is Denis Donoghue's unassuming volume in the *Modern Masters* series. Professor Donoghue avoids the dangers of writing yet another life of Yeats or of offering a superficial gloss of the poetry and plays. Although his book is small and its scope wide, the author's sharp focus makes his critique of Yeats' life-in-work illuminating and important.

Centering his attention on what he

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calls "Yeats' sensibility," Donoghue offers Yeats students an original perspective on the poet's work; general readers, if such people exist today, will find a subtle, learned teacher offering them an opportunity to come to terms with Yeats for themselves. In an area of criticism dominated of late by stridently assertive voices, Donoghue's modulated, scholarly tone comes as a surprise which persuades by its very refusal to insist.

At the core of Yeats' sensibility, Donoghue suggests, was his desire for power, certainty that poetry contained this power and that he must attempt to make his whole life a poem embodying the kind of power he sought: moral and visionary. It is the measure of Yeats' heroism that he found life a tension of opposites, that he chose to delight in that unceasing conflict, and that at the end was "content to live it all again." This rather bald summary of Donoghue's thesis does not do justice to the author's exposition nor does it begin to suggest the way such a thesis lifts an obscuring curtain hovering between most readers and many of Yeats' poems and plays.

For instance, depending on one's attitude, Yeats' interest in the occult which culminated in *A Vision,* can be fascinating, annoying, frustrating, absurd. One man's attempt to put "all-space in a notshall" in an elaborately concocted system has received but grudging respect from critics who do see in it "metaphors for poetry." But, as Donoghue points out, Yeats' constant quest was not for practical power but the power of self-mastery, self-definition. That power, Yeats believed, could come only from a sense of tradition, of unity of culture. Putting himself in touch with that great storehouse of memory in his own race he could discover not only vital history, but more—unity of being. As the priest seeking the mysterious truth of his religion offers sacrifice, so the poet enters into communion with the past through signs, images. The integrity of Yeats' quest for truth through esoteric studies and his foundation of Mrs. Yeats' automatic writing into the strange system of *A Vision,* Donoghue views with sympathy and insight. Without wandering into the labyrinth of that world where many have been lost, he shows its fitness and importance in Yeats' work. One of Donoghue's major insights concerning *A Vision* is that in his mature work Yeats was not seduced by the charm of his own system. As Donoghue puts it, "the dancing master has outlived the dance."

This study, although admirably concise, ignores no aspect of Yeats' concern. One of the finest chapters in the book is an analysis of Yeats' development as dramatist, his attempt through the theater to bring "national life to consciousness." Because his tragic sense of life is at the heart of Yeats' theory of drama, the cycle of Cuchulain plays is crucial to understanding what the artist wanted to do through the Abbey Theater. Cuchulain is the tragic hero of Irish myth, a link with the past; and he is Yeats' anti-self. The theatrical celebration of Cuchulain began with *On Baile's Strand,* continued through Yeats' encounter with the Noh drama, and lasted as Yeats outgrew that form. Donoghue traces Yeats' use of the Cuchulain saga through each of the related plays and discovers that these plays, the theater itself, were part of Yeats' grand intention, "to make himself over again."

Seeking spiritual reality outside what he considered the trammels of any traditional set of religious symbols or revelation, Yeats was constrained to fashion his own metaphors for faith. The fermentation of his creative life continued until the final days of his life. On his deathbed he was writing a poem. In fact, the most difficult and controversial aspect of Yeats' work is embodied in the poems and plays of what has been called his "last phase." They have been hailed as the finest expression of his tragic vision and denounced, most recently by Harold Bloom in a study titled simply, *Yeats,* as being inhumane and cruel in their message.

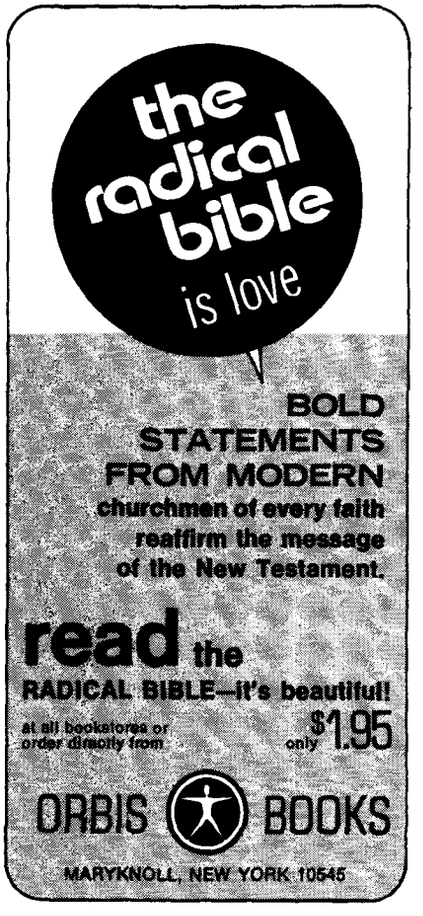
Donoghue deals directly, compassionately with the most important poems and plays of Yeats' last phase. In exploring the influence of Nietzsche on Yeats, the critic illuminates a dominating, often confusing, theme of the last works: "tragic joy." The fierce, desperate joy in many of the last poems is Nietzchean. Donoghue sees many of the flaws in these works—the political rant, the shrillness— but he believes such flaws are tolerable when we perceive them as "a poet's rage for order, a revolt against formlessness, vagueness."

In the maze of recent Yeats studies, this book is an Ariadne's thread.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 179)

dered electoral districts, and have limited their right to vote so that in every part of society—economic, political, and social, their rights have been abridged and their opportunities restricted by laws and by social practice. For most of the minority their choice is to oppose the government, or to do nothing and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An Anglo-Danish research team connected with Lancaster University, investigating conditions in Northern Ireland, issued a report titled, "Polarisation in Northern Ireland," July 1966, which stated, *inter alia,* "Protestants largely control the economic and political life in Northern Ireland," and "It is not ridiculous to envisage a Catholic civil rights movement in Northern Ireland, in the not too far distant future."

When the civil rights movement began among the young people of Queens University, Belfast, and broadened its membership and its activities, it met with the hostility of the authorities and the majority population. In a march from Belfast to Derry in 1968, the civil rights group was set upon by the police and the "B" Specials, and the march brutally broken up. The civil rights movement met the same kind of resistance that the Negroes met in Alabama and Mississippi in the early days of the civil rights movement in this country, but in Northern Ireland the government did not discourage the unlawful activities of the police and the para-military "B" Specials. But the civil rights movement continued, and polarized the two communities in Northern Ireland. The issue was further broadened to unification with the Republic; and the resolve of the majority to remain within the United Kingdom.

The Northern Ireland Government, in a White Paper # Cmd 558, titled, "Record of Constructive Change," stated that its aim was to implement the principle of "equality of treatment and freedom from discrimination," affirmed in the Downing Street Declaration of the British Government of Mr. Wilson, August 1969. On February 7, 1972, the *N.Y. Times* listed the demands of the Civil Rights Movement in Northern Ireland, and said that the Northern Ireland Government had complied with all of these demands, with the exception of the repeal of the emergency regulations, which was the purport of the White Paper. This is not true. Most of the demands have not yet been implemented, and it is only by a procrustean stretching of the reforms which the Northern Ireland Government has proposed that they can be made to fit.

The one man, one vote requirement has been met, but there will be no full scale local elections until the end of the year. Gerrymandered local districts have not yet been changed, and a Boundaries Commission has set April 1, 1973 as the date for the completion of this task. In the all-important field of jobs, there are no mandatory Government sanctions to force an end to discrimination in private employment. One can appreciate what this means when we see the disparity in employment in the Belfast Shipyards, where of 10,000 employed, 300 are Catholics. In the public employment area, where the Government is not a direct employer, all that is necessary is a declaration of equality of employment opportunity; but model codes of employment procedures have been adopted, so that the requirements are known. The Civil Service at higher levels is overwhelmingly in Protestant hands, as is 90% of the lesser Civil Service employment. A 1967 survey showed that of 106 public service positions paying more than $10,000 a year, Protestants held 103. In the police, 1 in 9 are Catholics. The housing allocations have improved, and the hated "B" Specials have been disbanded, and their substitute, the Ulster Defense Regiment, placed under a new authority.

The internment policy continues, and the Special Powers Acts are still part of the statute law of Northern Ireland,

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as they have been since 1922. The Unionist Party, which is run from the Orange Lodges, controls the Government as it has for the last fifty years.

The Government, the wealth, the economics, the civil service, the jobs, transport, the health and social services, are all controlled by the same people, and nothing has really changed. All effective power and influence has been occluded to the minority.

Mr. Horgan's article has excluded the most important reasons why there is trouble in Ireland. J. F. BRANIGAN

Arcadia, Calif.

To the Editors: I have enjoyed your magazine and have especially been pleased with the fairness with which it deals with problems and issues. An exception, however, is John Horgan's article about "The Trouble in Ireland" [Feb. 18]. First he makes a general assumption that a united Ireland is the only answer. The cultural ties of the Protestant majority are with Scotland and not with the Republic of Ireland.

But the thing that disturbed me the most is that he seems to equate the luring of an 18-year-old Scottish soldier from a pub and being assassinated with a soldier protecting himself against a mob who were pelting him with bricks, bombs and in some cases bullets. If my figures are correct, then there have been more soldiers killed than rioters. This shows amazing restraint on the part of the army, far better than we are able to exercise in the U.S. (REV.) J. WILLIAM DAUM

Reply

Dublin

To the Editors: Both Fr. Daum and Mr. Branigan miss the point of my article, but for different reasons. Mr. Branigan gives the impression that I deliberately "excluded the most important reasons why there is trouble in Ireland." It was not, however, my intention to give a recital of Catholic grievances: in my innocence, I assumed that these were now fairly widely known. I was simply concerned to describe the situation on the ground, and assess its emotional and political consequences. Of course the present situation has its roots in the factors Mr. Branigan describes; but the politics of oppression have been partly obscured by the politics of violence, and this was one of the points that I was trying to make.

If Fr. Daum reads my article again he will see that I made neither the assumption nor the equation he alleges I made. My belief that a united Ireland is the ultimate answer does not override my hope for substantial changes and improvements within Northern Ireland as it exists at present—a hope which is shared by the Northern Ireland Civil Rights Association. He should also rest assured that I hold no brief for assassins, whether they wear uniforms or not. JOHN HORGAN

C.O. Chaplains?

Memphis, Tenn.

To the Editors: Bishop Dozier's Pastoral Letter on Peace [Dec. 24] went far beyond condemning the Vietnam war. It called into question the validity of war itself in our times. Modern war is incompatible with the spirit of Christ —this is what I understand Bishop Dozier to be saying. Anyone committed to that spirit *must* look for another way of solving international problems. Wherever most of our bishops have been in the past, this is the kind of moral leadership we need today.

I would be interested in hearing Colonel (Father) John Fenton answer the question he raised in his letter you printed [March 10]: why has not one military chaplain registered his objection to the war in Vietnam as a conscientious objector? Officers in branches of military service other than the chaplaincy have done so.

GERARD A. VANDERHAAR
Associate Professor of Theology,
Christian Brothers College

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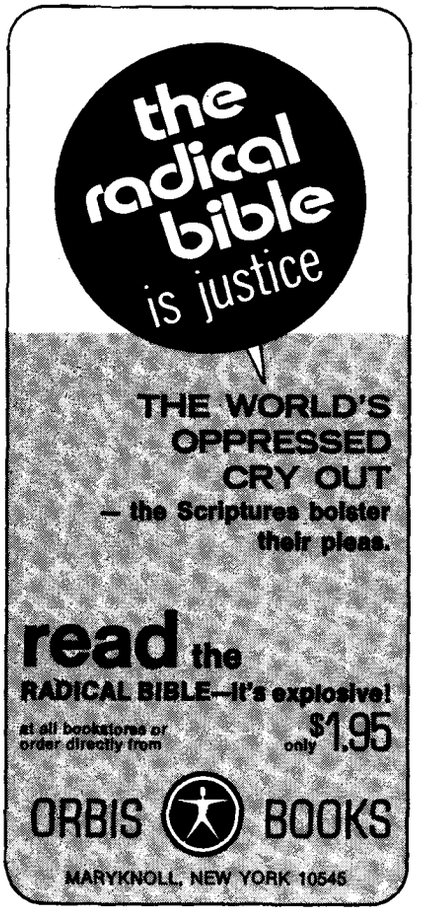
REVIEWERS

MICHAEL J. BANDLER is a free-lance reviewer and critic based in Washington, D.C.

CLAIRE HAHN is an assistant professor of English at Fordham.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Biblical Institute

● BIBLICAL INSTITUTE, Trinity College, Burlington, Vermont 05401. JUNE 18-23. Anderson, Bennett, Cathcart, Collins, Duncker, Murphy-O'Connor. Write: Director.

African Institute

● SUB-SAHARAN AFRICA. Summer Institute, 19 June-14 July, 1972. Designed for Christians, religious and lay, who anticipate working in Africa. Details from Dr. Peter Walshe, African Studies, UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, Notre Dame, Indiana 46556.

Priests' Institute

● PRIESTS' INSTITUTE: RICHARD P. McBRIEN, featured speaker. Theme: "Thinking Theologically in the Church and About the Church." June 6-8. Application and information: Priests' Institute, Loras College, Dubuque, Iowa 52001.

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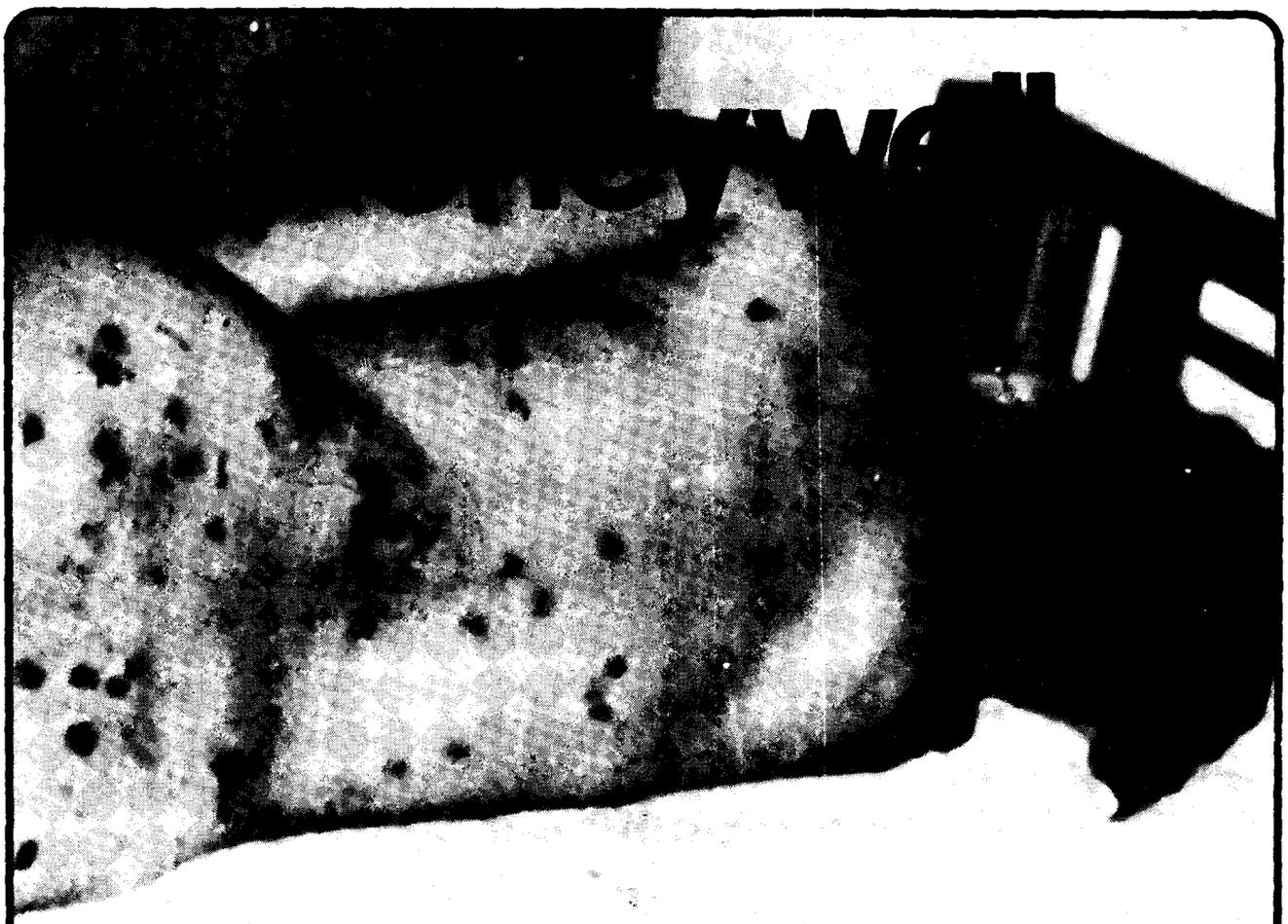

Annual Report 1971

Reports about Honeywell in Indochina during the first and second halves of 1971 are identical:

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